

...notive last night, when he appeared as Charles De Moor, in the Robbers. Of Mr. A. in part we have heretofore spoken in terms of unqualified praise, and we can but repeat the same. To-night Mr. A. will appear as Robert Brin, in the Ticket-of-Leave Man.

—Thompson furnished us with Clifton papers yesterday, ahead of everything anybody.

ACCOMPLISHMENT.—Mr. Paul R. Shipman is in the


ALL PACKAGES CONTAINING A SUIT OF
CLOTH, UNLESS ANY ONE RETURNING THE PACKAGE
MAY BE OPENED AND THE CONTENTS WILL BE LIBERALLY RECORDED.

Copartnership Notice.
J. B. CHALK IS ASSOCIATED WITH US IN
BUSINESS FROM THIS DATE. J. B. MORRIS & SONS,
Sole, May, 14, 1904.—get 6

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WID INQUIRE THE CITIZENS OF LOU-
ISIANA, who have charged, at the order of
the State, to be made, and we will be
furnish all who may give an order with Can-
dies, Cream, Soda Water, &c. We also have
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W. H. KIRK & BRO.
Corns, Peas and Beans.

 SADDLERY

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Horse Covers,  **300¢**
S, HARNESS, TRUNKS, &C.,
 In great variety, cheap at
R. B. MILLER.
 351 Main st., bet. Second and Third.
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SMOKING TOBACCO.
S SMOKING—"ASHLAND" AND "O
SMOKING IN PAPERS, SUNDY BRANDS.
SMOKING—Columbia and ...
SMOKING—Tobacco and ... Family
OF SALE BY
OEO. W. WICKS
115 Main St., bet. Third and Fourth

Daily Democrat.

T. Buchanan Read's Poem on Sheridan's Ride.

[The people of Cincinnati will be interested to see in print T. Buchanan Read's poem, read by Mr. Murdoch at the Pike's Opera-house testimonial on the 31st of October. It was suggested to Mr. Read by a picture in Harper's Weekly, and written on the day it was read here.—Ed. Com.]

"Sir: The following magnificent lyric was written by Thomas Buchanan Read, to be recited by Mr. Murdoch at a complimentary festival given to the latter in Cincinnati on Monday evening, October 31, in acknowledgment of his noble contributions for the aid of our sick and wounded soldiers. I am indebted to the poet for permission to give to the public through the Tribune a poem which deserves to rank with Longfellow's and Browning's 'How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.'"

BAYARD TAYLOR.
"New York, November 6, 1864."

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The faithful aide with a shoulder blow,
A sword in his hand, and a pistol in his shoe,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan two miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon far,
And louder yet the Winchester rolled,
The roar of that great cannon's roar,
Making the blood of the sterner sold,
As he thought of the stake in that day fray,
And Sheridan two miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down,
And there, through the forest of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away like a storm of wind,
His hoofs fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan only two miles away.

Still spring from those swift hoofs, thundering
South,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Forbidding to traitors the dream of disaster:
The heart of the foe was a storm of buzz,
Were beating like prisoners assailing their walls,
Inpatient to be only the battle-field noise,
And Sheridan only two miles away.

Under his sparkling feet, the road
Like an arrow flying river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
As if an ocean driven by the wind,
And the steed, like a hawk fed with furnace fire,
But to be the morning his heart's desire,
He is sniffing the smoke of the rearing fray,
With Sheridan only two miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops:
What was done—what to do—a glance told him
Both,
Then striking his spur with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the road, a storm of hoofs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
Because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
With foam and with dust the black charger was gay.

By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole army to say:
"I have brought you all the news of the day,
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for the man!
And when their leaders are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's name,
There with the glorious General's name,
He is still in the blood and in the light:
Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

EDWARD'S TEMPTATION.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon. At this time the great wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Hubbard & Son was wont to close, unless the presence of some one compelled the partners to keep open until later.

The duty of closing usually devolved upon Edward Jones, a boy of fourteen, who had lately been engaged to perform a few slight duties for which he received the sum of fifty dollars annually. He was the "boy," but if he behaved himself so as to win the approbation of his employers his chance of promotion was good.

Yet there were some things that rendered this small salary very small to him, in circumstances with which his employers were unacquainted. His mother was a widow. The sudden death of Mr. Jones had thrown the entire family upon their own resources, and there were three mouths to feed.

There was an older sister who assisted her mother to sew, and this, with Edward's salary, constituted the entire income of the family. Yet by means of untiring industry they had contrived to live fairly well, using strict economy, of course, but had wanted none of the absolute necessities of life.

But Mary Jones—Edward's sister—grew sick. She had taken a severe cold, which terminated in a fever. This not only cut off the income arising from her own labor, but also prevented her mother from accomplishing as much as she would otherwise have been able to do.

On the morning of the day on which our story commences, Mary had expressed a longing for an orange. In her fever it would have been most grateful to her. It is hard, indeed, when we are obliged to deny to those we love, things which would be a refreshment and a benefit to them.

Mrs. Jones felt this, and so did Edward. "Only wish I could buy you one, Mary," said Edward, just as he set out for the store. "Next year I shall have a larger salary, and then we shall have to pinch no more."

"Never mind, Edward," said Mary, smiling faintly. "I ought not to have asked for it, knowing how hard you and mother had it to get along without me."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Mary," said Mrs. Jones soothingly, though her heart sick within her at the thought of her empty plate. "Only get well, and we shall get on well enough afterwards."

It was with this melancholy scene that Edward went to the store in the morning. All around him were boxes of rich goods representing thousands of dollars in money. "Oh," thought he, "if only had the value of one of these boxes, how much good it would do poor Mary!" and Edward sighed.

The long day wore away at last, and Edward was about to close the warehouse. But as he passed the desk of his employer his attention was attracted by a bit of paper lying on the floor beneath.

He picked it up, and to his great joy found it to be a ten-dollar bill. The first thought that flashed upon him was: "How much good this will do Mary. I can buy her the oranges she wants, and she shall have some every day. And perhaps she would like a chicken."

But a moment later his countenance fell. "Oh, my name," he sighed. "It must be Mr. Hubbard's. This is his desk, and he must have dropped it."

"Still," urged the tempter, "he will never know it, and, after all, what are ten dollars to him? He is worth a hundred thousand."

While Mr. Hubbard was sought by the servant, "Well," he said, inquiringly. "Has anything happened?"

"No, sir," said Edward, "but I picked up this bill near your desk, and supposed you must have dropped it. I thought I had better bring it here directly."

"You have done well," said Mr. Hubbard, "and I will remember it. Honesty is a very valuable quality in a boy just commencing a business career. Hereafter I shall have perfect confidence in your honesty."

Edward was gratified by his assurance, yet as the door closed behind him, and he walked out into the street, the thought of his sister sick at home again intruded upon him, and he thought regretfully how much good could have been done with ten dollars. That he regretted that he had been honest. There was a satisfaction in doing right, but I think my readers will understand his feelings without any explanation.

Mrs. Jones brought some toast to her daughter's bedside, but Mary motioned it away. "I thank you for taking the trouble to make it, mother," she said, "but I don't think I could possibly eat it."

"Is there anything you could relish, Mary?"

"No," said she, hesitatingly; "nothing that we can get."

Mrs. Jones sighed, a sigh which Edward echoed.

It was with a heavy heart that Edward started for the warehouse the next morning. He had never felt the craving for wealth which now took possession of him.

He set about his duties as usual. About two hours after he had arrived at the house Mr. Hubbard entered. He did not at first appear to notice Edward, but in about half an hour summoned him to the office which was partitioned off from the remainder of the spacious room in which goods were stored.

He smiled pleasantly at Edward entered his presence.

"Tell me frankly," he said, "did you not feel an impulse to keep the bill which you found?"

"I hope you won't be offended with me, Mr. Hubbard," said Edward, "if I say that I did."

"Tell me all about it," said Mr. Hubbard, with interest. "What was it that withheld you. I should never have known it."

"I know that," said Edward.

"What withheld you from taking it?"

"First, I will tell you what tempted me," said Edward. "My mother and sister are obliged to depend upon sewing for a living, and we live but poorly at the best. But a fortnight since Mary became sick, and since then she has been unable to do any work. Her appetite is poor, and does not relish food, but we are able to get her nothing better. When I picked up that bill I could not help thinking how much I might buy with it for her."

"And yet you did not take it?"

"No, sir, it would have been wrong, and I could not have looked you in the face after it."

Edward spoke in a tone of modest confidence.

Mr. Hubbard went to the desk and wrote a check.

"How much do I pay you now?" he asked.

"Fifty dollars a year," said Edward.

"I have brought you your dues well increased, and I will pay you two hundred. Will that please you?"

"Two hundred dollars a year!" exclaimed Edward, his eyes sparkling with delight.

"Yes, and at the end of the year that will be increased, if, as I have no doubt, you continue to merit my confidence."

"Oh, sir, how can I thank you?" said Edward, full of gratitude.

"By preserving your integrity. As I presume you are in present need of money, I will pay you one quarter in advance. Here is a check for fifty dollars which you can get cashed at the bank. And, by the way, you may have the rest of the day to yourself."

Edward flew to the bank, and with his sudden riches hastened to the market where he purchased a supply of provisions such as he knew would be welcome at home, and then made haste home to announce his good fortune.

A weight seemed to fall off the hearts of mother and daughter as they heard his hurried story, and Mrs. Jones thanked God for bestowing upon her a son whose good principle had brought them this great relief.

And Mr. Hubbard kept none the worse that night that at a slight pecuniary sacrifice he had done a kind action, confirmed a boy in his integrity, and gladdened a struggling family. If there were more men like him, the world would be a better place.

Girls should learn to keep house. "No young lady can be so well instructed in anything which will affect the comfort of a family. Whatever position in society she occupies, she needs a practical knowledge of household duties. She may be raised in such circumstances that it will not be necessary for her to perform such domestic labor; but on this account she needs no less knowledge than if she were obliged to preside personally over the cooking and pantries. Indeed, I have often thought that it is more difficult to direct others, and requires more experience, than to do the same work with our own hands."

"Mothers are frequently so nice and particular that they do not like to let any up young part of their care to their children. This is a great mistake in their management, for they are often burdened with the labor and need relief. Children should be early taught to make themselves useful; to assist their parents every way in their power, and to consider it a privilege to do so."

"Young people cannot realize the importance of a thorough knowledge of housewifery, but those who have suffered the inconvenience and mortifications of ignorance can well appreciate it. Children should be early indulged in their disposition to make, and experiment in cooking in various ways. It is often but a troublesome help that is afforded; still it is a great advantage to them."

"I know a little girl who at nine years old made a loaf of bread every week during the winter. Her mother taught her how she should make it, and she was so expert that she never was disposed to try her skill in making simple cakes or pies she is permitted to do so. She is thus, while amusing herself, learning an important lesson. Her mother calls her her little housekeeper, and she permits her to get what is necessary for the table. She hangs the keys by her side, and very musical the jingling is to her ears. I think before she is out of her teens, upon which she has not yet entered, she will have some idea how to cook."

"Some mothers give their daughters the care of housekeeping, each a week by turns. It seems to me a good arrangement, and a most useful part of their education. The charm of good housekeeping is, in order, economy, and taste; and these little things have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a pleasant home to seek comfort and happiness elsewhere. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen."

[Presbyterian.]

One evening Douglas Jerrold was at a party where several other literary men and publishers were assembled, and the conversation turned upon epigrams. Jerrold gave an epigram that was not only not more than one or two words, including the name. When the laugh had subsided, for no one dreamed he was in earnest, Chas. Knight, who was present, handed a piece of paper and pencil to Jerrold, and begged of him to write his (Knight's) epigram. Jerrold took the paper, and instantly wrote down "Good night!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

CLOAKS.

CLOAKS.

CLOAKS.

WE WILL OPEN DURING THIS WEEK

3,000

LADIES', MISSES' & CHILDREN'S

CLOAKS,

Of the newest and latest styles. Wholesale dealer with

find it to their advantage to examine our stock of

Cloaks.

Ladies, before purchasing elsewhere, would do well

to call and examine our stock of Cloaks.

We also call attention to our large and complete stock

of new-made Dry Goods, which we offer at the reduced

New York prices.

NEW HOTEL,

On the European Style.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

OYSTERS, FISH & GAME

Of the season on hand.

Meals furnished at Private Residences,

On short notice, and all necessary waits furnished.

OLD ORSNEY HOUSE,

Main st., bet. Fourth and Fifth.

W. A. CLARK & CO., Proprietors.

Five-Cut Chewing and Smoking Tobacco.

HERNDON, ALLEN & CO.'S CELEBRATED

brands, warranted to give the best

and superior to any offered in the market.

2,500 do "Gold Leaf" do do

1,000 do "Pineapple" do do do

100 cases "Marionette" Smoking Tobacco

100 do "Old Virginia" do do do

100 do "Old Kentucky" do do do

100 do "Old Maryland" do do do

100 do "Old Tennessee" do do do

100 do "Old North Carolina" do do do

100 do "Old South Carolina" do do do

100 do "Old Georgia" do do do

100 do "Old Florida" do do do

100 do "Old Alabama" do do do

100 do "Old Louisiana" do do do

100 do "Old Mississippi" do do do

100 do "Old Arkansas" do do do

100 do "Old Texas" do do do

100 do "Old California" do do do

100 do "Old Oregon" do do do

100 do "Old Washington" do do do

100 do "Old Idaho" do do do

100 do "Old Montana" do do do

100 do "Old Wyoming" do do do

100 do "Old Colorado" do do do

100 do "Old Arizona" do do do

100 do "Old Nevada" do do do

100 do "Old Utah" do do do

100 do "Old New Mexico" do do do

100 do "Old Texas" do do do

100 do "Old California" do do do

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100 do "Old Idaho" do do do

INSURANCE.

SAINT LOUIS

Mutual

LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

Capital Stock, as an original basis \$100,000

Assets July 1st, 1864, - - - \$239,056 68

Dividend (Declared in Policy No. 1) 40 pr. ct.

The following, showing the entire amount of losses

incurred and promptly paid by this company since the

organization, January, 1864, gives some evidence of the

care and prudence exercised in the selection of the risks,

and the assets also show the complete success, and that

Western men and Western institutions are as fully re-

laxed and as safe as those of the East or North.

Western Life Policies in all the forms to be obtained in

any company.

LOSSES IN 64 YEARS ONLY \$21,500.

There is no other company that can make a better

policy than this.

Principals to policy holders declared annually on

the first of January (year of year) cash, besides an

ample reserve fund for contingencies.

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MEDICAL.

AYER'S

SARSAPARILLA

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

And for the speedy cure of the following complaints:

Scrofula and Scrofulous Affections, such

as Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions,

Pimples, Eruptions, Eruptions, Eruptions,

Blains, and all Skin Diseases.

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For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

St. Anthony's, Pitt, Rochester, N.Y., 1864.

Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head,

Ringworm, Scrofula, Dropsy,

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Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head,

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